# Grand Theft Cosmos

Train travelling sound in background.)
THE DOCTOR: According to my readings we're now travelling at sixty-seven kilometres an hour.
LUCIE MILLER: Woo-hoo.
THE DOCTOR: This is two above what this train's top speed is supposed to be. It's a lovely piece of engineering.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
LUCIE MILLER: I knew it.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: You really are a train-spotter. I bet you've got a little notebook, and I bet you lick the pencil before you write in it.
THE DOCTOR: You have to admit, this is the way to travel.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. It's been a good trip. Beats trundling across the Pennines in something that looks like a recycled bus with a bunch of kids three seats back throwing chips at your head.
THE DOCTOR: You paint such a vivid picture.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, I wish I could listen to my MP3 though.
THE DOCTOR: You know why not.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah - it's Eighteen Ninety-Eight, and "the consequences for the timeline could be disastrous."
THE DOCTOR: Do you want to get something to eat?
LUCIE MILLER: No. I'm still full from lunch. Might go up to the observation car in a bit and chill out.
THE DOCTOR: Suit yourself.
(Walking off, door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: I wish I could just get a packet of crisps. Have crisps been invented yet?
THE DOCTOR: They have, but the airtight crisp packet hasn't. Don't invent it early while I'm away.
LUCIE MILLER: I wasn't gonna.
(Door closed.)

(Door opened.)
HENRIK: How did you get in here?
(Lucie's former colleague from Hulbert Logistics, KAREN)
KAREN: Knocked the guard out, picked the lock. Sorry. I hope you weren't expecting anything more original.
HENRIK: What do you want?
KAREN: Ah, now you're pretending there isn't a really blatantly obvious thing that I'd want. Well, I'm sorry, but I know it's here. If you show me where it is, I promise not to shoot you in the foot.

(Sound of diners in the background.)
SIMONSSON: Excuse me, sir. Could you pass the salt?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, of course.
SIMONSSON: Thank you. Is this your first journey on the electric railway?
THE DOCTOR: As a matter of fact, I came here just to ride it.
SIMONSSON: Ah! Though I hope you will take advantage of what else Stockholm has to offer during your visit.
THE DOCTOR: Of course. I hear Mr Strindberg has a new play.
SIMONSSON: Yes. The King greatly admires it and invited Mr Strindberg to the court to discuss his art. I was so fortunate enough to be present.
THE DOCTOR: You know the King?
SIMONSSON: I acquire art on His Majesty's behalf. His donations to the city's museums, and works intended for display at his own residencies.
THE DOCTOR: What a tremendously interesting job.
SIMONSSON: I can only agree. I consider myself doubly fortunate because the King's tastes converge with my own, so I am never required to purchase anything gauche. (Chuckle.) Are you interested in art? I'm sorry, I - I didn't catch your name.
THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.
SIMONSSON: Simonsson. Frederich Simonsson.

LUCIE MILLER: Excuse me ... excuse me, sorry...
WOMAN: Sorry, do you mind?
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry.
(Bumping.)
KAREN: Oh! Sorry.
LUCIE MILLER: Karen?
KAREN: Oh. Lucie. Fancy seeing you here.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. It's a bit of a turn-up. I thought you were dead.
KAREN: Who told you that? No, I'm super. Never been better.
LUCIE MILLER: I must have misheard.
KAREN: Yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: I mean, after all, "Karen's dead" does sound a lot like "Karen's in Sweden in the late Eighteen Nineties", doesn't it?
KAREN: Oh! Look over there!
LUCIE MILLER: What?
(Thump. LUCIE MILLER gasps. Running off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Can't believe I fell for that. Stop her!

SIMONSSON: ... not dissimilar to Bernini's work at Saint Peter's. Are you familiar with it?
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. Most impressive. The energy is remarkable, streets ahead of any of his contemporaries.
SIMONSSON: Ah. Now there we disagree. I have devoted a great deal of time and a certain amount of His Majesty's money into my personal quest, to elevate recognition of a man who I feel is perhaps Italy's greatest. You may not have heard of him - very few have.
THE DOCTOR: Quite possibly. I don't claim to be an expert.
SIMONSSON: Claudio Tardelli. Is the name familiar?
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, it is. But ... I thought there were very few surviving examples of his work.
SIMONSSON: Sadly, yes. However, I am determined to locate those remaining examples and bring them together.
THE DOCTOR: Do you have many?
SIMONSSON: Oh, very little. Two paintings and a statue. Though as a matter of chance I am on my way back from acquiring another, an entirely unique ex...
HENRIK: Mr Simonsson. Mr Simonsson!
SIMONSSON: Yes, what is it?
HENRIK: My apologies sir, but ... we have a thief aboard the train.

LUCIE MILLER: Oi! Stop her!
MAN: Hey!
(Thump.)
KAREN: Oh. Sorry, mate.
(Door slid open.)
KAREN: I thought you were coming on a hover-platform or something.
THE HEADHUNTER: Thought I'd get into the spirit of the times.
(Horse snort.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Anyway, it's less conspicuous.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey!
KAREN: Not quite as easy to jump onto from a moving train, though.
(THE HEADHUNTER little gasp.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Not you too!
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, me too. Sorry we can't stop and chat. Places to go, priceless artefacts to sell. You did get it, didn't you?
KAREN: Yeah, yeah. Let's get out of here.
(Horse galloping off.)

THE DOCTOR: Mr Simonsson, I have some experience in matters like this. I'd be happy to help in any way I can to retrieve the piece.
SIMONSSON: I appreciate the offer, Doctor, but it isn't necessary. I have no reason to believe the piece is at risk, as it was never on this train. They have stolen the decoy.
THE DOCTOR: Ah.

(THE DOCTOR then SIMONSSON gentle laugh.)
THE DOCTOR: So where is the genuine article?
SIMONSSON: Oh, I prefer not to reveal that.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, of course.
SIMONSSON: Though to return to our previous conversation, I do have something that may be of interest? Here. Photographic reproductions of our other Tardelli pieces.
THE DOCTOR: Ah!
SIMONSSON: The gentleman from whom I purchased the new piece was keen to see that I was sincere in my intention to present it as part of a collection of the artist's work.
THE DOCTOR: You mean, they aren't yet on display?
SIMONSSON: Oh, His Majesty *intends* to display them at the Drottningholm Palace after the renovations. Though that may take some years. I'm encouraging him to lend them to the National Museum in the meantime. Er - this work wasn't known to exist until I purchased it four years ago.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Certainly remarkable. Who's the subject?
SIMONSSON: Monsignor Pedro de Frois-Montoya.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. Rather a rude fellow.
SIMONSSON: Here. Look at the other. Even in monochrome one can appreciate the subtlety of the composition.
THE DOCTOR: Ah yes.
SIMONSSON: This is a rare item indeed. It would be, even if the artist's works were all still in existence. He painted very few classical scenes. The client will have requested this. It wouldn't have been his own choice.
THE DOCTOR: No, he wasn't interested in the past.
SIMONSSON: Oh, quite so. Now this, however, appears to be an homage to Botticelli's Venus And Mars.
THE DOCTOR: I wonder what he'd have thought of it. Fascinating.
SIMONSSON: Though not as fascinating, I think, as this. His only known figurative sculpture.
THE DOCTOR: Good grief.
SIMONSSON: I'm very keen to have this one put on display. I don't think it's an understatement to claim that it could revolutionise our view of art history. I feel it's closer to ... I mean, the approach of it, i-i-is more...
THE DOCTOR: Abstract?
SIMONSSON: Yes indeed. That's the very word. I think that in today's climate it may find favour if not here, then perhaps in Paris.
THE DOCTOR: Mr Simonsson, you're a man of rare insight.
SIMONSSON: Thank you.

(Horse snorts. Countryside.)
KAREN: (sigh.) Next time we go by train, we do it some time after the invention of the motorbike. I'm not cut out for all this Butch Cassidy stuff.
THE HEADHUNTER: Have you got the diamond?
KAREN: Yeah. It's not like any diamond I've ever seen, though. And I used to work in Elizabeth Duke.
THE HEADHUNTER: That's because it *isn't* a diamond. It got called a diamond by people too primitive to understand what it really is.
KAREN: Oi! I don't understand what it really is.
THE HEADHUNTER: I've told you Karen, I don't do apologies. Now, feed the horse.
KAREN: What about food for me? This isn't what I signed up for, you know.
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, yes, yes, but the pay day will be worth it. Or it would be, if you'd stolen the right one.
KAREN: What do you mean?
THE HEADHUNTER: This is a fake. You've stolen a fake.
KAREN: What? Look, this isn't my fault. You said...
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, yes, I know! Relax. I thought this might happen. The decoy was a pretty obvious ploy on their part.
KAREN: So why did I just risk life and limb for it?
THE HEADHUNTER: Because compared to whatever we're going to have to do next, that was a doddle.
KAREN: Oh...!

(Door opens and closes.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah, there you are. Where have you been?
LUCIE MILLER: You heard something got nicked, yeah?
THE DOCTOR: I did hear about a nicking that had taken place, yes.
LUCIE MILLER: You'll never guess who it was.
THE DOCTOR: Adam Wolf?
LUCIE MILLER: No.
THE DOCTOR: A.J. Raffles?
LUCIE MILLER: Actually, I'm just gonna tell yer. It's Karen?
THE DOCTOR: Karen who?
LUCIE MILLER: Karen. Who I briefly worked with.
THE DOCTOR: Isn't ringing any bells.
LUCIE MILLER: In an alien war machine.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, her. But she was dead, wasn't she?
LUCIE MILLER: I never saw the body. I didn't want to.
THE DOCTOR: What's she doing here, and now?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I was going to ask, but - she pushed me over and ran away. I went after her, and I saw her jump off the train onto a horse, and that Headhunter was riding the horse.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, she must have rescued Karen and brought her back.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah, yeah, I worked that bit out. But they seem to be working together. The guard heard I'd been chasing after Karen and told me she'd nicked something from the train, quizzing me about how I knew her. What - what did she take?
THE DOCTOR: A work by the obscure Seventeenth century artist Claudio Tardelli.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Must have been a small one. She only had a little rucksack, so ... what, is it valuable?
THE DOCTOR: Invaluable. Those who know about him will pay a lot for his work. But Tardelli's obscure because I've done my level best to keep him obscure.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. You're not a fan of his?
THE DOCTOR: That's putting it mildly. I encountered him on a visit to Rome, and realised that wherever his works were displayed, they warped the fabric of reality, they changed the people who looked at them.
LUCIE MILLER: How did he manage that?
THE DOCTOR: He wasn't human, despite appearances. He was trying to gain influence over the Pope. I had him discredited, but he got away - I think he washed up in Florence. Since then I've destroyed any examples of his work I can find.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh - Blimey! You've trashed valuable paintings?
THE DOCTOR: That's how dangerous they are. And I'm very worried that King Oscar has some at home.
LUCIE MILLER: Why?
THE DOCTOR: He's highly respected on the international scene as a fair and unbiased arbitrator. If *he's* influenced by Tardelli's paintings, that's a bad thing.
LUCIE MILLER: Er - this couldn't have been a painting. Well, maybe a very small one.
THE DOCTOR: A miniature.
LUCIE MILLER: That's what I said.
THE DOCTOR: He didn't do miniatures.
LUCIE MILLER: Well - I don't know what he did, but that bag didn't have a painting in it.
THE DOCTOR: Hm. When I heard one of his works was here I was concerned. And now the Headhunter's trying to steal it, I'm *more* concerned. I can't let it fall into the wrong hands. In fact, I can't let it fall into *any* hands.
LUCIE MILLER: So, what are you saying?
THE DOCTOR: We are going to steal it first.
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh.) You're kidding!
THE DOCTOR: No.
LUCIE MILLER: Wow. This is a new one.

(Outside.)
THE DOCTOR: What time do you have?
LUCIE MILLER: Er - five to five.
THE DOCTOR: Let's walk.

(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: I like this. They should build more Palaces on islands. They should build more cities on islands, actually. It's cool.
THE DOCTOR: I can't relax knowing those paintings are in there.
LUCIE MILLER: So how are we going to get them out? What, hop in there with the TARDIS?
THE DOCTOR: No, we need to know exactly where they're stored. We can't land in the TARDIS and start poking around, we'll attract attention.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, yeah. That ship of yours does make a racket.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm sorry, but there's no way to make the rending of the Space-Time Continuum any quieter. Assuming the new piece is going to be stored in the same place I think we can get them all in one manoeuvre. But*you* need to get us some information first.

THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, look.
KAREN: What?
THE HEADHUNTER: There's the Doctor and Lucie.
KAREN: Where?
THE HEADHUNTER: Don't look now! Nobody's going to recognise us, just act casual.
KAREN: Can I look yet?
THE HEADHUNTER: No! Concentrate on the job in hand. The guard standing on the east wall there, what about him?
KAREN: No good. He's the one who was looking after it on the train. He knows my face.
THE HEADHUNTER: What about the one going up the steps?
KAREN: Hmm. Never seen *him* before.
(THE HEADHUNTER sighs.)

HENRIK: Any news?
ANDERS: No.
HENRIK: Oh, I don't like it.
ANDERS: It was bound to happen.
HENDRIK: Well, these days, yes. Time was *nobody* stole from His Majesty. Try to assassinate him, yeah. But steal? Oh! It's unpatriotic...
LUCIE MILLER: Come on, mate, turn around. Yep, that's right. Not this way. I don't have to do this twice.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps, falls.)
ANDERS: Miss? Are you all right, Miss?
(LUCIE MILLER puts on a posh voice.)
LUCIE MILLER: What? Who said that?
ANDERS: I did, Miss.
LUCIE MILLER: I can't see you. Are you a common crook? Please, take what you want but don't hurt me.
ANDERS: Don't panic, Miss. You're safe with me. I'm a member of the Royal Guard.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, thank heavens. I just suddenly came over terribly faint.
ANDERS: Shall I get a doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: No, no. No. Stay with me.
ANDERS: Er ... yes, of course.
LUCIE MILLER: You're being awfully good and ... Oh, gosh. I can see you now. You seem to be a very pleasant gentleman.
ANDERS: Er - thank you.
LUCIE MILLER: I would feel a great deal better if I could get some food. Could you help me make my way to a restaurant?
ANDERS: I'm really supposed to be...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, please, kind sir. I'm afraid I shall fall again without your assistance. Could you help me up?
ANDERS: Yes, Miss. Of course.

KAREN: Now what do we do? That was my guard.
THE HEADHUNTER: This might work for us, actually. Let's see how it pans out.
KAREN: They're going to mess this up for us.
THE HEADHUNTER: Not as much as we're going to mess it up for them.

(Sound of diners in the background.)
LUCIE MILLER: More wine?
ANDERS: Oh, I probably...
(Liquid poured.)
ANDERS: This is all very generous of you, Miss Palmer-Tomkinson.
LUCIE MILLER: (giggles.) Oh, it's the least I can do. Please, tell me more about your work. It's most fascinating.
ANDERS: It's very responsible. And all completely secret, you understand.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! I suppose you have to defend the King's life.
ANDERS: And his family, his guests and his property. He's not here at the moment, but that doesn't mean we can relax, not for a second. I mean, there's less of us around, for a start. Most of the Guard are with him.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Where is he?
ANDERS: He's at Drottningholm, making plans to renovate it. But we're still all on alert - he's got a valuable new artwork arriving tomorrow night.
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey! ... Really?
ANDERS: It's small, so it could easily be stolen. There's been one attempt already, but our boys fooled 'em.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm! Golly. It's small, you say?
ANDERS: Yes. I haven't seen it, but it's a diamond, about so big.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! That's terribly large for a diamond.
ANDERS: Yeah, sorry, I mean, it's not a real diamond, it's the shape of a diamond, and it's a sort of shiny black. That's why they call it The Black Diamond.
LUCIE MILLER: How terribly interesting. And I suppose it's your job to get it into your vault? I assume you have a vault or such thing?
ANDERS: Of course.
(Door opened.)
ANDERS: If an artwork's not on display it's essential to keep it safe in a vault.
THE DOCTOR: Good evening.
LUCIE MILLER: Ah. Lord Smythe. Anders, this is my guardian, Lord Smythe.
ANDERS: Oh. Good evening, sir. I was just ... I was just...
THE DOCTOR: Yes?
LUCIE MILLER: I was just admiring the Palace and I had a turn. This young man assisted me and I treated him to a meal, to show my gratitude.
THE DOCTOR: You shouldn't be associating with young men unescorted.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, pshaw. He's a member of the Royal Guard. The King would trust him with his life.
ANDERS: Yes, sir.
(Chair moved back.)
ANDERS: I, er ... should get back to my duties, sir, Lord Smythe. Miss Palmer-Tomkinson.
(Door closed as he leaves.)
THE DOCTOR: Miss Palmer-Tomkinson?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I got a bit carried away. Oh, my throat is killing me. I've been doing me posh voice for an hour.
THE DOCTOR: And did you achieve anything?
LUCIE MILLER: Just found out what it is, and when it's arriving, and where it's going, that's all.
THE DOCTOR: Excellent!
LUCIE MILLER: I know I am.

(Walking.)
KAREN: Excuse me?
ANDERS: Yes, Miss?
KAREN: Could you help me? I'm lost.
ANDERS: Certainly. Where are you trying to get to?
KAREN: Oh well, if you could just direct me to...
(Thump. Body falls.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Help me get him out of sight.
(Dragging.)
KAREN: No sign of Lucie?
THE HEADHUNTER: We'll have to deal with her later.

KAREN: Did you have to hit him so hard?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes. They don't fall unconscious unless you hit them pretty hard.
KAREN: Why didn't you use that stuff that you put on a hanky and hold over someone's mouth?
THE HEADHUNTER: Because a good whack over the head is easier, more reliable and above all, cheaper. Prop him against the wall.
KAREN: We're gonna do this here?
THE HEADHUNTER: Unless you can think of a way of getting him up to the hotel room, unconscious, without anyone noticing or querying it, then yes. Can you? Think of a way?
KAREN: Er ... no.
THE HEADHUNTER: There you go. Don't say I never consult you.
(Moving body.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Here. Put *this* on his head.

THE DOCTOR: The Black Diamond?
LUCIE MILLER: That's what he said.
THE DOCTOR: I wonder what the Headhunter wants with it?
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. Maybe they're just looking to flog it.
THE DOCTOR: I doubt it'd be that simple.
LUCIE MILLER: Hmph, typical. I was daft to think it would be. Well, here's to crime. Cheers.
THE DOCTOR: Cheers.
(Clink of glasses.)
THE DOCTOR: But it's not crime.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, it is really, though, however you dress it up and go on about the greater good, we're still nicking something.
THE DOCTOR: It's quite possible to be a morally sound thief. Look at Robin Hood.
LUCIE MILLER: Ah - you're going to tell me you were at his wedding now, aren't you?
THE DOCTOR: Don't be silly, Robin wasn't really the Marion kind.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, forget I said anything. Let's just get on with the plan.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, let's get back to the hotel. I need to test some equipment.

KAREN: Are you nearly done?
THE HEADHUNTER: Nearly, nearly. Tomorrow, when you see me, you won't remember me, but you will accept that I am Elizabeth of Bohemia, a terribly important aristocrat, and you will vouch that you've seen my credentials. Yes?
ANDERS: I obey.
KAREN: Why do people always say that when they're hypnotised?
THE HEADHUNTER: It's the default setting on those mind-probes. You can choose what response the subject gives you.
KAREN: So you can change it?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes. Watch.
(Bleep.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Anders, do you understand your instructions?
ANDERS: I am your servant.
KAREN: Can you change it to anything?
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, yes.
(Bleep.)
THE HEADHUNTER: You understand your instructions completely?
ANDERS: Cream cheese.
(KAREN laugh.)
KAREN: Oh, let me have a go.
THE HEADHUNTER: We don't have time. Anders, we're going to go now. You'll stay here for two minutes, then you'll come to your senses and return to the Palace. You'll forget you spoke to us. The trigger phrase is Elvis Presley.
KAREN: Why Elvis Presley?
THE HEADHUNTER: He won't be born for another thirty-seven years so I doubt anyone else is likely to say it to him. When Karen or I use the trigger phrase, you'll do as we say. Oh, and don't forget your bag, yes?
ANDERS: Cream cheese.
THE HEADHUNTER: Good boy.

(Sonic screwdriver.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie? Lucie, I need you to come and test this.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm knackered. I want to go to bed.
THE DOCTOR: Don't be a spoilsport, it's taken me hours to build.
LUCIE MILLER: (sigh.) Boys and their toys.
THE DOCTOR: Now, pick something up, anything. That book will do.
(Book picked up.)
LUCIE MILLER: Right.
THE DOCTOR: Walk towards me.
(Walking.)
THE DOCTOR: No, don't look at me, just keep looking at the wall and stop when you get here.
(Walking stops.)
LUCIE MILLER: Okay.
THE DOCTOR: Right. Now, have you still got the book?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah.
THE DOCTOR: What about now?
(Faint electronic whirring which was in the background is stopped.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... No!
THE DOCTOR: Ah! That's 'cause I've got it. Look.
LUCIE MILLER: All right. How did you do it?
THE DOCTOR: As a sort of feedback loop. It feeds your brain a false impression of what's around you. The room looks the same as it did the moment I turned the machine on, so you didn't see me step in front of you, and take the book out of your hands.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! That is pretty cool actually.
THE DOCTOR: Cool it may be, but it's only got a very short range, so I'm going to have to get close to the guards before I can use it.
LUCIE MILLER: And how are we going to do that?
THE DOCTOR: Ah - now, your little act with the guardsman there has given me an idea.

(Door closed, brief walking.)
SIMONSSON: Is everything proceeding well?
HENRIK: As far as I know, Mr Simonsson. Oh - there's a young lady to see you, she says she has something for sale.
SIMONSSON: Tell her I'll meet her tomorrow.
HENRIK: She says she has to return to England in the morning, and - she says it's something you'll definitely be interested in.
SIMONSSON: Is it a Turner?
HENRIK: Oh, she didn't say, sir.
SIMONSSON: Hmm. I suppose I have ten minutes or so. Where is she?
HENRIK: Waiting outside. The item's on the back of her carriage.
SIMONSSON: Thank you.
(Door closed. Walking.)

SIMONSSON: Good evening, Miss, er...?
LUCIE MILLER: Palmer-Tomkinson. And you are?
SIMONSSON: Frederich Simonsson. I understand you have something to sell as a matter of urgency.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. I've just received word that my father is ill ... and I was eager to offer you the opportunity to purchase this item.
SIMONSSON: Might I examine it?
LUCIE MILLER: Of course. But ... could a couple of your fellows unload the blue box, please?
SIMONSSON: Er ... do as she asks.
(Grunting of MUSEUM PORTER 1 and MUSEUM PORTER 2 as they carry, one saying "To you, Bill" to the other.)
SIMONSSON: Does it have some historical significance, or...
LUCIE MILLER: That's not the, er, point of interest, Mr Simonsson.
(Box set down.)
LUCIE MILLER: But thank you. *This* is the point of interest.
(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: After you.

SIMONSSON: In there?
LUCIE MILLER: Indeed.
(Walking inside.)

(Interior of TARDIS control room.)
SIMONSSON: Good heavens.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. You see?
SIMONSSON: The scale ... remarkable. Is it some form of optical illusion?
LUCIE MILLER: No, no. I don't pretend to understand it myself. In fact, that's why I brought it to you.
(SIMONSSON sighs ecstatically.)
LUCIE MILLER: I hear your King is a keen patron of the sciences.
SIMONSSON: Indeed he is.
LUCIE MILLER: My family acquired this item some years ago. We don't know where it came from. We hope to pass it on to someone who might be able to look into that. We're not asking for a great deal of money, we'd ... just like it to go to the right people. Sadly we've had little interest at home.
SIMONSSON: I have no doubt that the King will be tremendously excited at this acquisition. If we withdraw to the Palace I shall discuss a price with you.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh - that is good news. I'm a little concerned about leaving it out here. Is it possible for you to put it into your vault?
SIMONSSON: Oh, of course. I'll have it moved down there immediately.

(Carriage sound, horse snort.)
ANDERS: Good evening, Madam.
THE HEADHUNTER: I think the King is expecting me.
ANDERS: His Majesty isn't at home.
THE HEADHUNTER: What?
ANDERS: He isn't at home.
THE HEADHUNTER: This is an outrage!
ANDERS: Madam...
THE HEADHUNTER: I received a letter from the King himself, inviting me to enjoy the hospitality of the Palace whilst we discuss his support for the introduction of a tripartite monarchy in Bohemia.
ANDERS: Oh.
THE HEADHUNTER: Don't you know who I am?
ANDERS: Oh.
THE HEADHUNTER: I am Elizabeth of Bohemia. I have travelled to Stockholm specifically to meet with King Oscar.
ANDERS: As I say, he's not at home.
THE HEADHUNTER: Fine. Then I'll wait.
(Walking.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Bring my bags, would you?

(Bleeps, static of walkie-talkie.)
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, it's me. He bought it. Literally. (Chuckles.) They're bringing the TARDIS down now.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) I know, I can see on the scanner.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Of course. I'm not thinking. You've locked the door, yeah? I don't want anyone sticking their head in and seeing yer.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Of course.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you going to have time to grab the other pieces before the diamond arrives?
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Not sure I'll be able to do much about the statue - it's about twelve feet tall, so I'd have to materialise around it. I'll make a note of the co-ordinates - maybe we can come back to it. I can take the paintings now, though.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. I'd better go. I've got to talk money with Simonsson.

THE HEADHUNTER: Karen?

(Bleep of walkie-talkie system.)
KAREN: (communicator) Yeah?
THE HEADHUNTER: Where are you?
KAREN: (communicator) On the roof.
THE HEADHUNTER: What are you doing up there? The roof isn't exactly the quickest route to the cellar.
KAREN: (communicator) Too many guards on the ground floor. I was losing time. Anyway I know what I'm doing. I've seen the schematics. I know this building back-to-front.
THE HEADHUNTER: And upside-down, apparently.
KAREN: (communicator) Trust me. I can get down there before him.
THE HEADHUNTER: Then you'd better get on with it.
KAREN: (communicator) Over and out.
(Bleep.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Please don't say things like that.

(Rustle of bank notes.)
LUCIE MILLER: This is tremendously generous, Mr Simonsson.
SIMONSSON: Not at all. It seems to me a very fair price for a wholly unique item.
(LUCIE MILLER: (chuckle.) Papa will be positively delighted.
(Knocks at the door.)
SIMONSSON: Come in.
(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Hello again.
ANDERS: Oh. Hello, Miss. Mr Simonsson, could we have your assistance with a small situation, sir?
SIMONSSON: Of what nature, Anders?
ANDERS: A lady has arrived. Elizabeth of Bohemia? She's been invited by His Majesty to discuss a political matter. She showed me her letter and identity papers.
SIMONSSON: The King won't be returning until Monday afternoon.
ANDERS: I informed her of that, and she declared her intent to wait for him.
SIMONSSON: I'm afraid that's not possible, that's the King's decision.
ANDERS: Could you talk to her, sir? She might listen to you. She's waiting in the library.
SIMONSSON: Yes, of course.
ANDERS: Oh - Miss Palmer-Tomkinson's item has been stored in the vault.
SIMONSSON: Excellent.
ANDERS: If you'll excuse me. I should assist with the arrival of the new acquisition.
SIMONSSON: Thank you.
(Walking off. LUCIE MILLER laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: This is rather above and beyond the call of duty, isn't it, Mr Simonsson?
SIMONSSON: Oh, I'm quite accustomed to it. When one works for the King, one represents the King. I don't suppose you're familiar with this woman, Elizabeth of Bohemia?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, no, I don't believe I...
(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh. Hello.
LUCIE MILLER: Elizabeth of Bohemia, I presume?
SIMONSSON: Oh, you *do* know her.
LUCIE MILLER: In passing. Excuse me, Mr Simonsson.
(Door closed.)
SIMONSSON: Did I detect some acrimony between you and Miss Palmer-Tomkinson?
(THE HEADHUNTER laughs.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Palmer-Tomkinson? I would warn you against associating with her. Her family are of lower quality than they claim.
SIMONSSON: Really? Oh, she seemed terribly charming. But I don't wish to stain His Majesty's name by connecting him with anyone inappropriate.
THE HEADHUNTER: I'd certainly describe her as inappropriate. I'm sorry, and you are...?

(Walking.)
ANDERS: Is that the diamond?
HENRIK: Yeah.

ANDERS: It's to go in this case.
(Case opened.)
HENRIK: Why?
ANDERS: Because if anyone's seen it on the way here and breaks into the vault then they'll know what to rob, won't they? So we're changing the case.
HENRIK: Oh yeah.
ANDERS: Yeah. Now, hand it over.

(Walkie-talkie bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Lucie, not now.
LUCIE MILLER: The Headhunter's here, at the Palace.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Ah. Predictable, I suppose. What's she doing?
LUCIE MILLER: Posing as some posh bird from Central Europe.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Well, if she's trying to play the long con then she's made a mistake. I've got the paintings. I'm just waiting for the guards.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm on my way. Is your gadget all set up?
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) Yes. Don't forget to turn your neuristor on, or you'll fall into the same trap as the guards.
LUCIE MILLER: I wasn't gonna forget.
THE DOCTOR: (communicator) I've got to go. They're coming.

(Walking.)
ANDERS: Do you know, there's going to be a permanent detail at Drottningholm? I might ask the Captain if I can get transferred out there.
HENRIK: What for?
ANDERS: Fresh air, wide open spaces, and no tourists gawping at you when you're trying to do his job.
HENRIK: But wouldn't you miss the city?
(Walking stops as there is a faint electronic whine.)
ANDERS: What was that?
HENRIK: I don't know. Where's the diamond?
ANDERS: Here in my...
(Rustling of clothes.)
ANDERS: Where is it?
HENRIK: You must have dropped it.
ANDERS: But I couldn't have. Quick, let's retrace our steps, it's got to be here somewhere.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Sorry.
ANDERS: Oi, Miss! You shouldn't be down here. You stop her. I'll track back.
(Walking off.)

(Taps on glass.)
THE DOCTOR: Who is it?
LUCIE MILLER: (muffled) Me. Open up.
(Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, slam the door in my face, why don't yer? So did you get it?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. You know, those poor guards are probably going to get blamed for this?
LUCIE MILLER: You big softie.
THE DOCTOR: I'll think of a way to compensate them.
LUCIE MILLER: Let's see it, then.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. Here it is.
(Case opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. I expected something a bit more impressive.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, actually, me too.
LUCIE MILLER: What's so special about it?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. It's not Tardelli's usual style at all. Be careful looking into it. It may have unusual properties.
LUCIE MILLER: Really?
THE DOCTOR: Hold it for a moment.
(Sonic screwdriver whirr.)
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR: Testing its resonance. This is made of celluloid.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean like old film?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. I don't think this is the real thing. I think this is the decoy that Karen stole from the train.
LUCIE MILLER: So how did it get here, and where's the real one?

(Walking.)
KAREN: Psst! Anders - over here.
ANDERS: Another one? How did you get down here? Now, look...
KAREN: Elvis Presley.
(ANDERS reverts to his hypnotised voice.)
ANDERS: What are your instructions?
KAREN: This is fun. Come here.
(Walking.)
KAREN: Did you get a chance to switch the fake diamond with the real one?
ANDERS: Yes.
KAREN: Wicked. All right, then. Give me the real one.
(Handed over.)
KAREN: Oh. Now, that *is* proper. Look at it shine. Actually, tell you what would be more useful - if you could escort me out and pretend I'm your prisoner, yeah?
ANDERS: Cream cheese.
KAREN: Nice one. Let's...
(Thump.)
KAREN: What's that?
(Another thump.)
ANDERS: (whispered) I don't know.
KAREN: Let's get out of here.

(Electronic whirring.)
THE DOCTOR: Good grief.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: The statue - it's moving. In fact, it's moved. It just walked out of the door.
LUCIE MILLER: Mad!
THE DOCTOR: We'll have to deal with it later, though. Right now we just have to hope that the Headhunter and Karen haven't left the building.
LUCIE MILLER: Where are we going?
THE DOCTOR: I'm going to try and take us to the main hall.
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Only a short hop. Should be able to manage.
(TARDIS dematerialises.)

(Walking.)
KAREN: I can't hear it any more. Do you think we lost it?
ANDERS: Yes.
KAREN: Do you actually agree with me, or are you just saying that because you're my servant? Actually, don't answer that. Nearly there.
(TARDIS materialisation sound.)
KAREN: Oh! Not them again. I really think that TARDIS counts as cheating.
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Hand it over, Karen.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah.
KAREN: Or what? Anders, you hold them off while I get out of here.
ANDERS: Cream cheese.
THE DOCTOR: They've hypnotised him. I should have realised.
KAREN: Yeah. That was really dumb of you. Ta-ra.
ANDERS: Surrender or suffer the consequences.
(Sound of sword.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, behind you. There's a sword on the wall.
THE DOCTOR: Well, have at ya!

(Swords clash.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, she's probably heading for the south exit.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm on the case.

THE HEADHUNTER: I'm most displeased with this situation, Mr Simonsson.
SIMONSSON: I will have an envoy sent to Drottningholm tonight to inform His Majesty.
KAREN: Oi, boss.
THE HEADHUNTER: Karen?
KAREN: Oh, not you again.
(THE GUARDIAN speaks in a deep voice.)
THE GUARDIAN: Give me the diamond.
SIMONSSON: Good heavens. The statue.
(KAREN gasps.)
KAREN: It's got me!
THE HEADHUNTER: Throw me the diamond.
KAREN: You'll help me afterwards, right?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, yes, yes, yes.
KAREN: All right, then. Catch.
(Object rolling on floor.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, good grief, you throw like a girl.
KAREN: Sorry.
LUCIE MILLER: Whoo-oo!
THE HEADHUNTER: Don't let her get the diamond!
LUCIE MILLER: Hah, got it! See you later, losers.
(Walking of THE GUARDIAN.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Interesting. Looks like a simple silicate-based creature, so...
(Laser blast. Walking stops.)
THE HEADHUNTER: There.
KAREN: Why didn't you do that earlier?
THE HEADHUNTER: I ... didn't want to risk hitting you.
KAREN: Oh!
SIMONSSON: Excuse me, Lady Elizabeth, but what is...
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, shut up!
(Thump. Falling to ground. SIMONSSON sigh.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Come on, Karen.
(Walking off.)

(Carriage sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: Brilliant. I'll pay you whatever you want to take me to...
CAB DRIVER: I'm afraid I've already been hired, Miss.
(Gun cocked.)
CAB DRIVER: And she paid me a little extra to stop anyone carrying that thing.
LUCIE MILLER: Damn.
THE HEADHUNTER: Good work, Georg. Get in the carriage, Lucie, you're coming with us.
KAREN: And you can give us that diamond back.
THE HEADHUNTER: Station, please, Georg, and step on it.
(Whipping. Carriage moves off.)

HENRIK: Mr Simonsson. Are you all right?
SIMONSSON: Yes. Yes. I take it Elizabeth of Bohemia and her accomplices escaped?
HENRIK: I'm afraid so.
SIMONSSON: Mm.
HENRIK: Did they try to take the statue as well?
ANDERS: Mr Simonsson, we captured one of them.
SIMONSSON: Ah! Hello again.
THE DOCTOR: Hello. I really, really, really do apologise for all this.
SIMONSSON: If you wish to make amends you might start by telling us where your accomplices are heading.
THE DOCTOR: They aren't my accomplices. Well Lucie is, not the others.
SIMONSSON: So you were competing with the others to steal the diamond?

THE DOCTOR: Look, I'm going to tell you the truth, and it's up to you whether you believe it. I have reason to believe that the diamond is dangerous.
SIMONSSON: Oh? What reason?
THE DOCTOR: Merely the fact that it's the work of Claudio Tardelli.
SIMONSSON: Go on.
THE DOCTOR: His works alter the fabric of the world around them. They have a malign influence on people.
SIMONSSON: But I've been studying them for years.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, but you've had mercifully brief exposure to the genuine works. They haven't been kept on display.
SIMONSSON: True.
THE DOCTOR: I'm cautiously optimistic you're believing me.
SIMONSSON: I acquired the statue for His Majesty three years ago. I've examined it extensively, and with reference to sketches made by Tardelli, I can confidently verify it as his work, and ten minutes ago I watched it walk.
ANDERS: Are you sure about this, Mr Simonsson?
THE DOCTOR: It's moving now actually.
HENRIK: Good grief!
(Grinding of stone.)
SIMONSSON: The woman had a gun that ... spat light at the statue. It stopped moving.
THE DOCTOR: It's a silicon based life form. The Headhunter's weapon must have scrambled its neural pathways, but it'll recover.
SIMONSSON: I don't pretend to understand what's happening here. I think you do, but are you telling me the truth about it?
THE DOCTOR: I am, but then I would say that, wouldn't I?
SIMONSSON: Quite. I need to get that diamond back quickly. Are you willing to help me?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
SIMONSSON: I make no promises about what will happen then, but I will hear you out. Where do you suggest we start?
THE DOCTOR: If we're lucky, they'll be using conventional means to leave the city, which means they'll be using the quickest means to do so, or rather the quickest means except for mine.

(Door opened/closed.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Ah. This will do nicely.
KAREN: We're due to leave in ten minutes.
LUCIE MILLER: Where are we going?
THE HEADHUNTER: Russia. Ever been?
LUCIE MILLER: No.
THE HEADHUNTER: Well, I'm not sure you're going to. I haven't decided what to do with you yet.
LUCIE MILLER: Why keep me around, then?
THE HEADHUNTER: In case the Doctor catches up with us.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you going to kill me?
THE HEADHUNTER: Hopefully not.
KAREN: We're not evil, you know. It's just a bit of business.
LUCIE MILLER: What's the deal with you and her, anyway?
KAREN: I work for her.
THE HEADHUNTER: I've been meaning to take on a PA for a while.
KAREN: It was well-timed. I had no job, and well, it turns out my whole life was fabricated anyway. I was destined to be this dreadful person, and then...
LUCIE MILLER: Actually, I know all about that. But why her?
THE HEADHUNTER: I'm not going to rise to that.
KAREN: I'd be dead if it wasn't for her. You left me shot up by the Cyberman outside Video Conferencing Room Two.
LUCIE MILLER: I did come back, but I didn't see you anywhere. Everybody else in that corridor was dead.
KAREN: She took me up to her ship and patched me up.
THE HEADHUNTER: I do pride myself on the standard of health-care I offer my employees.
LUCIE MILLER: So what are you doing lifting jewels? Business a bit slow, is it?

THE HEADHUNTER: Not at all. As Karen said, this *is* business. Karen, have you got the key?
KAREN: Here.
THE HEADHUNTER: Thank you. Could you watch the door?
KAREN: Yep.
(Door opened, closed. Pulsing.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Come on. Come on out.
(Zap noise.)
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey Charlie!
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Who are you? Why have you summoned me out?
THE HEADHUNTER: I'm here to offer you a job.
LUCIE MILLER: Who is he?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Am I still on Earth?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Then my name is Claudio Tardelli.

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opened.)
SIMONSSON: Good grief.
THE DOCTOR: You can be awed later. No time now.
SIMONSSON: Henrik, go to the station manager, tell him the King's property has been stolen. He's to hold all departures.
HENRIK: Yes, sir.
SIMONSSON: Everyone else is to search the station and issue descriptions of the culprits.
(Walking off.)

CLAUDIO TARDELLI: May I sit down?
THE HEADHUNTER: Of course.
LUCIE MILLER: Er, hang on. You were inside the diamond?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: I can understand your confusion, but it is bigger on the inside than the outside.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, I get that bit. I'm not new at this, mate. But the Doctor said that you were around in the Seventeenth century. Have you been in there all this time?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Indeed. I fashioned the diamond as an emergency bolt-hole. When my situation in Florence became untenable, I used it.
LUCIE MILLER: You're not human, though, are you?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Indeed, no. I am from Parrimor. My people exiled me here.
THE HEADHUNTER: I'm pleased to tell you that your exile is up. You're free to leave the planet.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: And you're offering me a job?
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh) Could probably do with a bit of fun after two hundred odd years in that thing. Can't be much to do in there.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Not so. The diamond is a masterpiece of compression. It contains a small self-sustaining universe.
LUCIE MILLER: What, a universe? In there?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: As I say, a small one. A little under three light-years across.
LUCIE MILLER: Wow!
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: I designed and ruled over it, but as a matter of fact it does get a little dull after a while, only ever talking to people you've created yourself. I was thinking of returning to reality fairly soon anyway. Incidentally, where's my Guardian?
THE HEADHUNTER: Your what?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: I did not intend that I should be disturbed, so I fashioned a Guardian for the diamond. When it's under threat, the Guardian is supposed to respond.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, that! Oh, I'm sorry, I think I shot it.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: No matter. So, this job?
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh yes. The Emperor Vassilar-G of Ralta wishes to employ your services as official court artist.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Oh.
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes. He's aware of your particular skills and you'd receive very substantial territories, but regardless, I'm afraid you can't remain in your little universe. I'm selling it to a Russian gentleman named Yashin.
LUCIE MILLER: What does he want with a pocket universe?
THE HEADHUNTER: It can be collapsed and converted to energy - a power source that'll keep

him going for as long as he likes. He's keen to get ahead of his industrial competitors. Shame he's going to be murdered by his own workers in Nineteen Oh Five before he really sees the benefits.
LUCIE MILLER: What about the people in there?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: I made them, I decide their fate. I shall require a share of the proceeds.
THE HEADHUNTER: Of course.
(Door opened.)
KAREN: I think they're onto us.
THE HEADHUNTER: Not to worry. I hypnotised the driver. Any sign of trouble and he pulls away.
LUCIE MILLER: Thought of everything, haven't yer?
THE HEADHUNTER: Don't feel too bad. We're professionals. You're just talented amateurs.

HENRIK: Mr Simonsson! They've been seen getting on to that train over there.
THE DOCTOR: It's pulling out. Come on.
(Running.)
SIMONSSON: Oh! We'll never catch it.
THE DOCTOR: Oh nonsense. Not with a top speed of sixty-five kilometres an hour. It'll take about fifteen minutes to accelerate to *that*.
(Jumping.)
THE DOCTOR: Take my hand.
(SIMONSSON grunts, jumps.)
SIMONSSON: Thank you. You could have left me on the platform, got away.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. Never occurred to me.
(Running briefly.)
ANDERS: Did they make it onto the train?
HENRIK: Yeah. Can we telegraph ahead to the next station?
ANDERS: No. Communications are down.
HENRIK: Oh ... I suspect that isn't just bad luck.
(Commotion, women gasping, one man saying "Oh my God!")
ANDERS: What's that?
(Commotion continues.)

KAREN: They're on the train. The Doctor and the geezer from the museum.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: The Doctor? Is that *The* Doctor?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes. With a certain crushing inevitability, it is.
KAREN: I told you we should have used the ship.
THE HEADHUNTER: You can't transport matter under this kind of pressure so close to an ion-jet engine.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Oh, certainly not. The competing pressures could cause a serious fracture.
THE HEADHUNTER: There you go. Right. Be ready to shoot Lucie if they give us any trouble.
LUCIE MILLER: I thought you said...
KAREN: Sorry, babe. We don't want to but, you know, we will.

(Protesting people.)
SIMONSSON: Sorry. My apologies. The guard said they were in the previous carriage.
THE DOCTOR: No, I think they got to him before we did.
(Woman gasps as door opened.)
MAN: Do you mind, sir?
SIMONSSON: Sorry. You mean they bribed him?
THE DOCTOR: Hypnotised him, more likely. Aha.
(Sonic screwdriver, door opened.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, wee done, Doctor. But don't come any closer.
THE DOCTOR: Hello, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Hiya.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: This is the Doctor? You looked different on the last occasion we met.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, you. Yes, so I did.
SIMONSSON: Good heavens. Are you...?
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, he's Claudio Tardelli, he isn't human and everything I told you about him

is true.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, we've got to stop them. There's a whole universe in that diamond, and she wants to sell it to someone who's going to break it down for fuel.
THE HEADHUNTER: But you're not going to stop us because if you try then we'll kill Lucie. You see how this works?
SIMONSSON: Is this true? There is an entire realm within the diamond?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: A realm of my own making, yes.
SIMONSSON: Populated?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: By people of my own making, yes.
(SIMONSSON gasps.)
SIMONSSON: You create life, and would destroy it?
THE DOCTOR: Of course he would.

DINER: What would you recommend?
WAITER: Er, the Chateau Grilet is particularly good with the beef, sir.
DINER: Yes. Just a single glass, please.
(Banging.)
DINER: Oh! What on Earth...?
(Commotion from the passengers.)
WAITER: I ... think there's something on the roof, sir.

THE HEADHUNTER: I think it's time you backed off, Doctor.
SIMONSSON: What can we do?
THE DOCTOR: I'll think of something.
(Loud thumps.)
KAREN: What's that noise?
(Crashing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Blooming heck! It's punching its way through the roof!
THE GUARDIAN: Give me the diamond.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Ah, there it is. Quite well-timed.
SIMONSSON: It followed us here?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, homed in on the diamond.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Stand down, Guardian, I'm quite safe.
LUCIE MILLER: Stop me if I'm wrong, but didn't you say that thing was created to protect the diamond, not you?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: It obeys me.
THE DOCTOR: Let's see what it's got to say about that. What's more important to you then - your creator or the diamond?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Tell him to stop this. Tell him we'll kill his friend.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not the one you have to stop. Guardian, they're going to destroy everything and everyone inside the diamond. Tardelli's perfectly safe, but everything else you've pledged to protect is under threat from these two.
THE GUARDIAN: Give me the diamond.
THE HEADHUNTER: No.
KAREN: It's too big to get down here anyway, isn't it?
(Whoosh. She gasps.)
KAREN: Shoot it like you did before.
(Laser blast.)
THE GUARDIAN: Give me the diamond.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: It's designed to learn and adapt to attacks.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, marvellous.
(Whoosh. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah! Leg it!
THE HEADHUNTER: Watch them! Out of my way!
SIMONSSON: Oh, I say!
KAREN: Right, now!
(Thump, gasp.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, Karen. Grab the gun, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Good work. Mr Simonsson, would you mind keeping them covered with this?
SIMONSSON: Er, yes, of course.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Right.

(Metal trolley being moved aside.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Move aside, please. Coming through. Back up! Get this trolley out of my way.
WAITER: Miss, we are trying to serve dinner.
DINER: I say, that's my steak you're treading on.
THE DOCTOR: Stop her, she's stolen the property of the King.
WAITER: Good grief.
(Smashing as roof falls in.)
DINER: Waiter, there are bits of the roof in my wine.
WAITER: Sorry sir, I'll see what I can do.
THE GUARDIAN: Give me the diamond.
THE HEADHUNTER: Damn!
LUCIE MILLER: You're trapped. Statue one end, me the other.
THE HEADHUNTER: Get out of my way, girl, or you'll regret it. I've been trained in the defensive arts by the best in the busi...
(Thump, gasp.)
LUCIE MILLER: Huh! You're all mouth, you.
WAITER: Ladies, please. Brawling like this is deeply unbecoming.
LUCIE MILLER: She's dropped the diamond, Doctor, over there.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you very much.
THE HEADHUNTER: Might have known you'd set your dog on me.
LUCIE MILLER: Er - er - are you calling me a dog?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes! Why not?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, you are entering a world...
(Thump. THE HEADHUNTER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Of...
(Thump. THE HEADHUNTER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: ...pain!
THE DOCTOR: That's enough, Lucie.
THE GUARDIAN: Give me the diamond.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, you. Thank you for seeing it my way.
THE GUARDIAN: Give me the...
THE DOCTOR: This? If you want to help the people in here, then the best way to do it is to set them free, don't you think?

CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Which of my paintings do you have?
SIMONSSON: I have photographic copies of them here.
KAREN: I'm cold.
(Rustling of pictures.)
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Hmm, this is very interesting. Had I been exiled here at another time I might have achieved my results at ten times the speed.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, the old work of art and the age of mechanical reproduction chestnut. Would your work have had the same power had it not been crafted by you personally.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Well, I'm certain I could have...
THE DOCTOR: Actually we don't have time for the discussion. I think you should do something about your diamond.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Why? What have you ... What have you done?
THE DOCTOR: Your Guardian and I agreed that its inhabitants should be free, so I got him to fracture it.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: You didn't!
THE DOCTOR: Oh yeah. He's made of pretty stern stuff, isn't he? Literally. Anyway, it's only a matter of time before it spills out into our Universe, causing a collision of matter that will certainly kill us all.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: You idiot!
THE DOCTOR: Well, idiot would imply I've done something stupid, but what I've actually done is forced you to perform an emergency fifth-dimensional dump, sending your little pocket Universe into a gap between Universes, where it'll be able to have an independent existence.

KAREN: And what if he can't do that?
THE DOCTOR: He can. The Guardian confirmed it. Any decent dimensional engineer has the means of dumping his experiments somewhere safe. A last resort obviously, because once it's outside this container, it's outside his control forever, but that's exactly what I want. So it brings us back to the question of whether or not I'm an idiot.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Give it to me!
THE DOCTOR: Ha-ha-ha-ha.
(Bleep.)
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Oh, it's of little concern to me anyway.
SIMONSSON: But if you created an entire Universe, why would you want to see it destroyed?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Because I didn't want anyone else to control it. Once it no longer interested me, I ... didn't want it to continue.
SIMONSSON: Then you certainly aren't the man I imagined you to be.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: I think the fault in that case is yours, not mine. There.
(Zap noise.)
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: It's empty. Here, a souvenir.
SIMONSSON: Thank you.
(Thump. Gasp.)
KAREN: I'll take that, thanks. Right. Don't move, any of you.
THE DOCTOR: What good will it do to shoot us now?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Your employer is still due to take me to my new job.
THE DOCTOR: New job?
KAREN: Oh yeah.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: Yes. The Emperor Vassilar-G of Ralta wants me to become his new court artist.
THE DOCTOR: Oh! Interesting.
KAREN: Over there, you two, and don't follow us.
(Walking away. Door opened, closed.)

LUCIE MILLER: Move it.
THE HEADHUNTER: How can I open this door with my hands tied?
LUCIE MILLER: Out of the way, then.
(Door opened.)
KAREN: Hello.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no.
THE HEADHUNTER: What happened?
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: He forced me to release the contents of the diamond.
THE HEADHUNTER: What? Yashin's going to have my head for this. Marvellous. Now I can't ever visit Earth between now and Nineteen Oh Five. And I happen to like the Fin de Siècle. Well, this looks like an opportune moment to hop off. If we can get to a secluded clearing I can summon the warp-ship.
(Door moved.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Well, it was lovely to see you again. Do let me have your latest CV in case anything else opens up.
LUCIE MILLER: I'll open you up given half a chance.
KAREN: You're so aggro. Come on, Michelangelo.
CLAUDIO TARDELLI: It's Tardelli.
KAREN: Whatever.

THE DOCTOR: One should never meet one's heroes.
SIMONSSON: Perhaps not. Great artists are not necessarily the best of men. The two paintings...?
THE DOCTOR: I stole them, I'm afraid. They're in the TARDIS.
SIMONSSON: Take them. Destroy them. I will think of something to tell his Majesty.
THE DOCTOR: Actually, no. That's what I did with the others I found, and I think I was wrong. All I did was to make the remaining paintings more valuable, more desirable.
SIMONSSON: So ... what *will* you do?
THE DOCTOR: I'm going to find out how they work. See if there's a way of nullifying their effects. Perhaps they could be displayed in a context that would strip them of their power, let people see them for what they really are.

(4 taps on window.)
THE DOCTOR: Look at that - he can break a container that holds a Universe and still tap on a window without breaking it. What an extraordinary creature he is.
(Window opened.)
THE DOCTOR: I think you're freed from your obligations, my friend.
THE GUARDIAN: What now?
THE DOCTOR: Do as you please.
SIMONSSON: There are legends of stone trolls in the woods around Stockholm.
THE DOCTOR: There you go - you might find some company. But thanks for your help.
THE GUARDIAN: Thank you.
(Window closed. Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, Doctor, the Headhunter got away. Karen turned up with a gun and...
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I thought she would. Don't worry, I think we've done enough for today.
(The Guardian walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Is the big lad off, then?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. A better man that his creator was. I hope that's true of the others. Perhaps we should go and visit them when we get back to the TARDIS, check they're all right. Let them know they're free, apart from anything else.
LUCIE MILLER: What about Tardelli? Shouldn't we track him down and ... sort him out?
THE DOCTOR: I don't think that'll be necessary. He's off to work for the Emperor Vassilar-G of Ralta. The Emperor's tastes are notoriously fickle. He'll get bored of Tardelli soon enough and then ... well, I've heard, that when he's bored of his artists, he goes out onto his balcony and eats them in front of a crowd.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, I suppose that's what you'd call conspicuous consumption.
THE DOCTOR: Ha-ha-ha. Speaking of which, I could fancy a spot of dinner.
SIMONSSON: Indeed.
LUCIE MILLER: It's a bit breezy in the restaurant car.
THE DOCTOR: Maybe we should ask them to go slowly on the way back to the city.